

The Commercial Advertiser.

VOL. I.

LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1886.

NO. 23.

The Buried Mother.

Out by the walls of a Danish town
The graves stood out as the night came
down.
The Angelus prayer had long been said,
And the bell tolled out the psalm for the
dead.
It swung for a while from the darkening
steeples,
"Out of the depths," said priest and people.
Through all the closest towns and towers,
The doors were shut for the silent hours.
But a mother, buried for half a year,
Woke with a cry in her ear.
She rose with the vague sleep still in her head
And clung in the shroud that wraps the dead.

She left the cold grave under the walls,
And took the street to her husband's halls.
For her seven children were all awake;
And none had closed their eyes that night.
Or poured their grief, or dreamed a light.
And none had laid their pillow on a bed;
Two more for an empty cup, and one
Was crying—that was her youngest son,
She washed and kissed them, and hushed
their cries.
While her tears pressed out of her long-dead
eyes.

But their father, who lay on a lower floor,
Had heard her steps in the corridor,
And he rose and came, and saw her stand
There, and he said, "The crying child is dead."
It broke my dreams of death again,
I was left to the living, and I died.
But when I saw I slept when the child had
lived!

Take to me, I pass to my many dead;
Your children wake and all no bread,
No sleep, no lamp; two were at strife;
One cried, "unclean!" the other, "Tell your wife."
—Mazette of Art.

ANGEL WINGS.

Many years ago the community of
a certain hamlet in the south of France
was startled by a crime rare indeed in
their quiet, agricultural district. A
wealthy farmer was found dead at
early morning within a hundred yards
of his own house. He had been killed
by blows administered by a heavy
stake, which lay near the body covered
with the blood and mud of the murderer.
A considerable sum of money which he
was known to have received the pre-
vious evening for some sheep sold by
him in the neighboring market town.

When the awe and excitement created
by this event had subsided a little,
every exertion was made by the author-
ities to ferret out the perpetrator of
the crime. A reward was offered for
the discovery of the murderer, procla-
mation of which bounty was made for
several successive Sundays at the
church door. At last some disclosures
were made, implicating a young man
named Laroche—a stripling eighteen
years of age.

The person who brought the charge
against young Laroche was a man of
the name of Landry—a stranger in the
district, but who had lately been ap-
pointed by the lord of the manor as
one of the keepers of game preserves.
Landry testified that he had seen La-
roche cutting a stake from the hedge
on the afternoon previous to the mur-
der, and that he had proved him for
it, and, taking the stake from him, had
stuck it on the bank of the hedge at a
particular spot. The stake was the
same one that was found lying near
the body of the farmer. Landry could
swear to it, because after taking it
from Laroche, he had nicked it in a
peculiar way with his pen-knife.

Now, it so happened that the mur-
dered farmer had many and influential
friends, while Laroche had but few.
Therefore Laroche was convicted of the
murder, and sentenced to be hung
on a certain day, and at a certain
place, until which time he was placed
for safe keeping in the jail of the dis-
trict—the third floor of a large stone
building, the lower part of which was
a mill.

The prison consisted of a single
apartment, lighted by a small window,
at the height of about sixteen feet from
the floor. The side of the building
from which the window looked, ran
sheer down to the water of a dark, deep
river, which creeps lazily by the mill,
but quickened the pace a little lower
down, until it gradually became a
raging torrent, leaping wildly on to
its fall over a perpendicular ledge of
rocks. Bodies carried over the fall
were said to never have been recov-
ered; and it was a fixed notion among
the country people that there was a
suctional force below which every-
thing falling into it was carried down
into the unexplored abysses of the earth.

It was the day before that fixed for
the execution of young Laroche, and
the priest of the parish, Father Allard
by name, had been left alone with the
prisoner, in order to prepare him, by
the consolation of religion, for his ap-
proaching doom. To his words of com-
fort Laroche listened with humility
and silence, until the good Father be-
gan to dilate upon his chances of for-
giveness in the next world for the great
crime committed by him. Then the
prisoner electrified him by declaring
his perfect innocence of that crime—
a position which he meant to maintain,
he said, with his latest breath.

To be brief, the youth of the prison-
er, his earnest asseverations of inno-
cence, and a wavering doubt of his
guilt, which had all along troubled
Father Allard's mind, so wrought upon
that worthy man that he at last con-
sented to commit himself to a plan for
giving the prisoner a chance of escape,
if not from death, at least from the
ignominy of dying by the hand of the
accused hangman.

"If I die by the gallows, most reve-
rend Father," said the young man, "a
great sorrow will come down upon
all concerned in my death. The real
murderer is sure to be discovered,
and he will be placed by way of retri-
bution of Heaven will pursue my murderers.
Aid me to escape rather than risk a
great stain upon your conscience.
Stand upon this chair, which I place
upon the table, and then, by
mounting upon your shoulders, I can
reach the window and drop from it."

"But the river below!"

"I can swim like an otter, and, at
any rate, it is better to be drowned
than hanged."

Convinced of the young man's inno-
cence, Father Allard consented to aid
him in his escape. A moment sufficed
to carry the plan into execution. The
prisoner gained the window and disap-
peared.

Parading in a straggling way outside
the building went one of the minor of-
ficers of justice, a solid peasant who
had been placed there by way of sen-
try, and who at this moment happened
to be looking towards the river wall of

the mill. His sight nearly left him, as
he afterwards stated, when he saw a
man drop from the jail window, strike
on to a platform that protruded from
a doorway in the second story, and
rebounding from that, fall into the wa-
ter with a heavy plunge, reappearing
at intervals, until he was carried away
into the rapids below.

The alarm was at once given. Village
officials rushed to the prison-room
where they found Father Allard alone,
seated on the chair, pale as if just re-
covering from the sight of some super-
natural vision. To the question put
to him he replied that, as he was ad-
ministering the consolations of his holy
office to the prisoner, a voice sounded
through the apartment, accompanied
by the shadow of a mighty pair of
wings, on which the prisoner mounted
to the ceiling of the apartment and was
no more seen by him. The voice, he
added, proclaimed the prisoner's inno-
cence, the real circumstances of the
murder would soon be made manifest.
It was a miracle, and the good coun-
try people ever ready to accept that
form of interposition, were easily per-
suaded to do so on the present occa-
sion.

Meantime, Laroche, when he leaped
from the window, had forgotten all
about the platform. As he fell upon it
he was displaced a sack of grain, which
splashed into the dark waters of the
river, appearing to the eyes of the be-
wildered sentry to be the body of the
man who had dropped from the prison
window. Laroche lay upon the nar-
row platform, stunned by the heavy
fall.

Spride, the miller's daughter, saw
him fall. There was no one else in the
mill at the time. She drew him be-
hind the sacks and great heaps of grain
on the floor, and, having administered
to him such restoratives as her young
experience suggested, she saw some loose
sacks over him and told him to lie
still.

That night Spride and her lover—
Laroche and she had been lovers for
about six hours only—made their way
to where a boat lay moored below the
falls; and embarking in it, were soon
carried far beyond pursuit. It was sup-
ported by the frightened villagers that
Spride must have been carried from
the platform when the body from the
window above had been seen to strike
upon it; and as the whirlpool below the
torrent had never been known to give
up its dead, but little search was made
for her, and her friends resigned them-
selves to mourning for her awful fate.
Less than six months after this, Lin-
dry was tried for the murder of a
brother keeper and was convicted and
hanged accordingly. Previous to his
conviction, however, he made a clean
breast of it to Father Allard, confess-
ing that he had murdered the farmer
for his money, killing him with the
stake that he had taken from young
Laroche, which the latter stated singu-
larly enough, suggested to him the idea
of committing the crime.

Two years elapsed, and Father Allard
had been promoted to a parish at a
distance of some fifty miles from the
one which he had been pastor of for so
many years.

Shortly after his arrival there his du-
ties led him to take a journey on horse-
back some miles into the interior of
the parish of which he had charge.
Part of the road travelled by him
wound through a swampy forest re-
gion; and, after a ride of several miles,
he came to a sluggish stream that had
formerly been spanned by a bridge,
of which nothing but the abutments
of his horse's head and tail rode along
the bank of the river, hoping to find an-
other bridge, or at least a ford, by which
he could cross to the further side; nor
had he gone far when he discovered,
by boot marks, a place where cattle
seemed to be in the habit of wading
through or coming to drink.

The water appeared to be shallow, so
he urged his unwilling horse into it,
and had got about half way across,
when the animal began to plunge and
struggle violently, sinking at the same
time, as if drawn down by some invis-
ible power. Aware now that he had
fallen into one of those quick-sands
which are not uncommon in that part
of France, the good father knew that
to save himself from his horse would be
certain death, as the water was not
deep enough to swim in, and he was
gripped at the bottom was gasping for
him. He held upon his horse, there-
fore, and shouted for help.

The water was gaining upon him, as
the terrified horse sank deeper and
deeper in the treacherous stream. Up,
up it came, until it reached his saddle,
and then his knees; and he had
given himself up as lost, when distant
shouts came in response to his, which
were going feebly with each repetition.

And now a man bursts his way
through the brushwood on the river-
bank, and, laying his axe upon a tall,
slender young tree, cuts it down with
four or five rapid strokes, leaning it so
that it falls down upon the water, its
longest boughs just brushing the sink-
ing horseman in its fall. Grasping the
boughs with all his remaining strength,
the priest was drawn to the bank by
the woodsman, fainting and senseless,
however, and with hardly a visible
spark of life.

When Father Allard recovered con-
sciousness he found himself in a small
but comfortable room. Seeing him
open his eyes, a buxom young woman
who was bathing his temples uttered
an exclamation of joy, calling him by
name; and now, as his dizzy senses
brightened, what was his surprise to
find his attendant the lost Spride. Ex-
planation ensued, and all was made
clear as day without recourse to mar-
vel or miracle.

Presently Laroche, who had been en-
gaged, with the assistance of some of
the neighbors, in extricating the priest's
horse, came in, and the scene was an
affecting one between the two, each of
whom had been through wonderfully ap-
pointed by Providence to preserve the
other.

"My conscience is clear now," said
Father Allard. "Heaven has surely
pardoned the little fiction framed by
me; else why?"

"But hold, reverend Father," cried
Laroche, interrupting him; "there was
no fiction in the case. You said that I
was carried away upon an angel's
wings, and so I was, and this is the an-

gel that saved me!" And he, laughing,
threw his arms around the pretty wife
and hugged her to his side.

Poetical justice might now have been
well satisfied, but I have a few words
further to add upon the subject.

Laroche, who was now employed as
forester upon an estate, was enabled
by the assistance of Father Allard to
return to his native village, where, not
long after, he obtained an appointment
to the very keepership formerly held
by the assassin Landry.

Decrease in Marriages.

A comparative record of marriages
in the State of Ohio has been compiled,
which shows a remarkable decrease in
the number during late years in pro-
portion to the population. During the
years preceding the War there were
over 23,000 marriages out of a popu-
lation of about 2,340,000. The War de-
duced this number to an average of
about 19,500, and the return of peace
ran up the number to 30,479. This
large increase denoted that there were
a good many faithful girls who waited
patiently for the young men to whom
they had plighted their troth. After
that the average number of marriages
was about 26,000 a year for a number
of years; but following the panic of
1873 there was a drop to 23,459. The
revival of business in 1882 was marked
by another increase to 30,600, but the
succeeding depression of 1884 again re-
duced the number to 28,720.

While these statistics indicate pretty
clearly that good times promote mar-
riages and hard times depress the ma-
rimonial as well as other markets, it
is still more significant to note that the
number of marriages in proportion to
the population is very much smaller
than formerly. The annual average
before the War was about one marriage
to 100 inhabitants; the same proportion
now would give 32,500 marriages per
annum, whereas the average for the
last five years has been only a little
more than 29,000. Fewer births are
recorded than twenty-five years ago,
though the married population is 25
per cent larger.

The marriage statistics of Ohio may
be accepted as denoting an appreciable
decline in the family life of this country.
Ohio occupies a middle ground be-
tween the thickly settled Eastern States
and the newer States and Territories; it
is one of the most prosperous States in
the Union, and there is certainly as much
encouragement for domesticity there
as in any other portion of the country.

It may be fairly assumed, therefore,
that if marriages and births are de-
creasing in Ohio in proportion to the
population the same is true of other
States and even to a greater extent in
some of them. The tendency is cer-
tainly to be deplored. Hard times will
account for a falling-off in the number
of marriages in certain years, but will
not explain the decrease in the general
average. The drift of modern civiliza-
tion in the crowded communities is to-
ward celibacy. The influences are nu-
merous. Among the classes who are
in comfortable circumstances and
ought to maintain modest, happy
homes there is a desire for display and
an indulgence in extravagance which
warns young men against the responsi-
bilities of a family. Among the work-
ing classes a large proportion of the young
men acquire habits which divert their
attention from marriage. As our cities
grow in population the proportion of
poor people increases, and marriage,
with its attendant expenses of family,
is a formidable affair. Many other
causes could be named which are
detrimental to their influence on mar-
riages. The anti-marriage tendency is
especially to be deplored because it im-
plies increased immorality. It can
only be counteracted by the cultivation
of more moderate modes of family life
and the repression, so far as possible
of social vices.—Chicago Tribune.

The Millennium in Norway.

A North European correspondent of
the Springfield Republican a good deal
more than insinuates that the millen-
nium has not only arrived at Norway
but that it is a greater ethical success
than was anticipated. He contends this
most interesting and most cheering
piece of intelligence.

Which Kings and prophets waited for,
But died without the sight,
In a manner as unique as it is satisfac-
tory. Listen to him: "Most of the Nor-
way driving along one day [the good Nor-
way] we saw two umbrellas hanging
on the branch of a tree. Some people
not caring to be encumbered with
them, had left them there till they
should pass that way again. Although
it was raining, no one thought of
touching them."

Obviously no commentary can add
to the force of this simple, unadorned
statement. The news from Norway
will come home to the average man
with the irresistible power of a steam
pile-driver. Norway may well feel that
she has fulfilled the choicest sort of a
manifest destiny, and that she has
nothing more to live for except the en-
joyment of her triumph's crown of
triumph and the envy of her sister
nations. In order to realize how far
behind Norway is this metropolis of
the New World, let any one of our
readers who is interested in the pro-
gress of the race hang a nice silk um-
brella for temporary safe keeping on
one of the trees of Madison Square or
Central Park. A good, serviceable,
stylish silk umbrella can be purchased
for from \$5 to \$10, and the one se-
lected for this experiment should be hung
—not necessarily for publication but as
a guarantee of good faith—on a limb
within easy reach of passers-by.—New
York Tribune.

"Some of these country landlords
make me tired," said a drummer.
"They don't know how to keep hotel,
but they think they do, and the way
some of them bluster about and make
themselves think they are playing
thunder is quite laughable. One day
last week I was in a hotel at Poria
eating dinner. I had just tackled a
piece of apple pie, using my fork, of
course, when the landlord happened
to come in. Imagine my surprise
upon hearing him growl out to the
waiter: 'Why in the devil don't you
give the gentleman a knife? You
don't expect a man to eat pie with a
fork, do you?'"—Chicago Herald.

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

A Member of Fillmore's Cabinet Talks
About His Colleagues.

The last surviving member of Millard
Fillmore's cabinet is Hon. A. H.
H. Stuart, of Staunton, Va. He is 78
years of age, and has a lively recollec-
tion of the men of those days. A re-
porter for the New York Mail and Ex-
press met him the other day at the
Fifth Avenue hotel, when he was in at-
tendance at the meeting of the trust-
tees of the Peabody fund, of whom he
is one. He is very tall and thin, is
stooped by age, and has a small, clean-
shaven face and bright eyes.

"Recollect those times!" he said.
"They can never fade from my memo-
ry while I live. I was secretary of the
cabinet soon after Mr. Fillmore be-
came president. My colleagues were
Daniel Webster, secretary of state—he
died in September, 1852, and was suc-
ceeded by Edward Everett—Thomas
Corwin, secretary of the treasury;
Charles M. Conrad, secretary of war;
J. Crittenden, attorney general, and
Nathan K. Hale, of Buffalo, postmaster
general. Mr. Graham was nominated
for vice presidency with Scott and re-
signed. John P. Kennedy, of Mary-
land, then went on the ticket in his
place. Of all these men, I alone am
left. Mr. Conrad was the last to die,
some five years ago."

"How do your recollections of to-day
compare with those of your time?"

"There are no men now to rank with
Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. Clay was
the greatest practical statesman, Web-
ster the grandest debater and orator,
and Calhoun the most profound
political philosopher. Mr. Clay had a
personal eloquence that enabled him to
control nearly everyone who came un-
der his influence. Mr. Fillmore was a
very able man and had a mind perfect-
ly balanced. I don't think that public
opinion has done justice to his great
ability. He was a statesman of vast
resources, and always had sufficient
power to meet exigencies of whatever
nature. I know him well in congress
in 1842 and often heard it rumored
that he was born for the leadership of
the house."

"As vice president he seemed to have
every quality to control and dignify
the position. He was a model pres-
ident. He brought with him to the
cabinet meetings a more thorough
knowledge of the topics at hand than
to be discussed than was possessed by
any member. With it all he was the
most considerate and affable man I
have ever seen. Daniel Webster was
not only one of the grandest orators
of modern times, but he was most
captivating. His wit was superb, his
words of wisdom and his flow of spirits
perennial. At his own house he was
a most delightful host, and none could
exceed his hospitality. His very pres-
ence gave life to every convivial party.
He often dined with me and I with
him. So I know him thoroughly in his
private as well as his public life. He
stood by his side when he laid the cor-
ner-stone of the capitol extension at
Washington in 1852 or 1853. I forget
which year. He made a grand speech
on that occasion."

"Have things changed much since
then?"

"Well, we never heard so much
trash and corrupt motives attributed
to men in high position as we hear
now. The acerbity that prevails now in the
political parties did not exist then to such
a great degree. As to how the govern-
ment affairs are conducted now in
Washington I can not judge. I have
not been there to remain any length
of time for thirty years. But I could
write many volumes about the men
and the events of the old whig days."

New Houses on Old Sites.

There are, no doubt, many persons
now living in Rome who have beneath
them the residence of some gentleman
of the Middle Ages, under which, per-
haps, is the home of a Roman family
of the time of the Cæsars; and at the
same time the foundations of the
foundations of another Roman house, which
was considered a good place to live in
some five or six hundred years before.
It must be a very satisfactory thing,
when one is going to build a house, to
find beneath the ground some good
substantial walls which will make ex-
cellent foundations. It is very often
happens that these remains of ancient
buildings are built of larger stones, and
are firmer and more solid than the
houses which are erected upon them.
There is another side, however, to this
matter, and the remains of old build-
ings are frequently very much in the
way of those who wish to erect new
houses, for it does not always occur
that the old foundations are in the right
places, or of a suitable kind to serve
as foundations for the modern build-
ing. Then they have to be dug up
and taken out, which is a great labor.
There is a handsome American church
in Rome. When this was built, the
work was made very expensive by the
difficulty of getting rid of portions of
walls, arches, rooms, and vaults which
these Romans had left behind them.
never thinking that in the course of
ages there might be such people as
Americans who would wish to build a
church here.—Frank R. Stockton, in
St. Nicholas for November.

San Francisco continues one of the
healthiest cities in the world, with an
annual death rate of 19.56 per thou-
sand, which is lower than the death
rate in thirteen foreign cities and
eleven American cities selected for
comparison—that is to say, of foreign
cities, London, Liverpool, Manchester,
Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Stockholm,
Buenos Ayres, Dublin, Belfast, Berlin,
Munich, and Hamburg; and of
American cities, New York, Boston,
Pittsburgh, Washington, St. Louis,
New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore,
Savannah, and Richmond.

A man in New York who had been
the victim of a card swindler, went in-
to court and described from memory
thirty separate marks that had been
put on as many cards by the thumb
nail of the sharper, each of which iden-
tified its particular card.

Facts and Figures.

The State census of Wisconsin has
been taken and the total population is
shown to be 1,563,930, a gain over 1880
of 21 per cent. The largest gains are
in the northern half of the State, where
there have been large openings of
comparatively new country, due in
great measure to lumber interests.

Co-operative associations, or union
stores, for the sale of groceries or dry
goods, are as popular in Massachusetts
manufacturing towns as building asso-
ciations are in Philadelphia. Some
communities of 6,000 inhabitants sup-
port two or three. The union store at
Danvers, a minor shoe-making town,
has just declared its fifth annual di-
vidend of \$35 on every \$50 share.

According to data collected by Mr.
R. W. Best, of the Department of Ag-
riculture, there are in the United States
285,000,000 acres of improved land,
445,000,000 acres of forest, and 730,-
000,000 acres of unimproved and waste
untimbered land. Incidentally it is
found that forests are disappearing at
the rate of 25,000,000 acres each year.
The forest product during the census
year was 18,000,000,000 feet board
measure. Last year it was 28,000,000,-
000 feet.

The earliest recorded protected En-
glish invention is said to be the making
of the Philosopher's Stone: "That in
the time of Edward III. some alchemists
persuaded the King that a Philoso-
pher's Stone might be made; that the
King granted a commission to two fri-
ars and two aldermen to inquire if it
were feasible, who certified that it was,
and that the King granted to the two
aldermen a patent privilege that they
and their assigns should have the sole
making of the Philosopher's Stone."

An important series of experiments
has long been in progress at Middles-
borough, England, with the view of
producing oil waste from chemical
works, instead of coal, as fuel for
steamers. It is claimed that the new
invention will revolutionize the ocean-
carrying trade. Several steamers plying
between English and Mediterranean
ports have made round trips by the use
of the new fuel exclusively, and the en-
gineers report excellent results. The
oil tanks occupy but little room, and
the fuel costs only half as much as coal.

More than three hundred years ago
an English historian gave the following
description of a saw-mill: "The
saw-mill is driven with an upright
wheel, and the water that maketh it go
is gathered whole into a narrow trough,
which delivereth the same water to the
wheel. This wheel has a piece of tim-
ber put to the axle-tree end, like the
handle of a broom, and fasted to the
end of a saw, which being turned by
the force of the water hoisteth up and
down the saw, that it continually cut
in, and the handle of the saw is kept
in a rigal of wood from swerving. Also
the timber lieth, as it were, upon
a ladder, which is brought by little to
the saw with another piece."

Three hundred pages of statistics in
the last report of the Massachusetts
Bureau of Labor Statistics are taken
up with a historical review of wages
and prices from 1752 to 1860. Taking
the history broadly we find that wages
have risen far more rapidly than the
price of commodities has advanced.
In thirty years before the war wages
advanced 62.3 per cent, in twenty lead-
ing occupations, while commodities rose
but 12 per cent in price. Since 1860
the rise in wages has been 24.4
per cent; in commodities, 14.5 per
cent. Or, since 1830 there has been a
rise of 89.4 per cent in wages, and an
advance of 28 per cent in the price of
commodities. The same amount of
human toil to-day reaps a larger re-
ward in necessities and comforts than
at any previous era in our history.
Man grows more valuable and things
less valuable with every decade. The
general tendency is to the equalization
of condition, as Mr. Carey asserted in
the face of the pessimistic teaching of
the English economists nearly half a
century ago.—The American.

A Strange Legal Custom.

There are some peculiar customs in
connection with the administration of
the courts of the District of Columbia,
relics of the old Maryland laws, but
one which strikes the ordinary observ-
er as the most peculiar is that which
requires a winning party to a civil suit
to pay for the tobacco that the jury
which tried the case is supposed to
have used during the hearing of the
case. Now, it happens sometimes, that
not one of the jurors uses tobacco in
any form, and yet the pound of tobacco
or its equivalent has to be paid the
foreman of the jury the instant a ver-
dict has been given. As litigants or
their attorneys are not in the habit of
carrying so much tobacco in their
clothing, for custom requires a pound
be given the jury, the lawyer on the
winning side as soon as the verdict is
recorded hands the foreman of the jury
\$1, which is just as good as the pound
of tobacco. Sometimes a jury will try
several cases a day. If they do they
will get \$1 for each case from the win-
ner. The juries put all their tobacco
money together, and at the end of the
term divide it among themselves.—
Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Where They Didn't Speak.

They were engaged to be married
and called each other by their first
names, Tom and Fanny, and he was
telling her how he had always liked the
name of Fanny, and how it sounded
like music in his ear. "I like the
name so well," he added, as a sort of
elaboration to the argument, "that my
sister Clara asked me to name her next
terrier I at once called it Fanny, after
you, dearest." "I don't think that
was very nice," said the fair girl,
edging away from him; "how would
you like to have a dog named after
you?" "Why, that's nothing!" said
Tom, airily; "half the cats in the
country are named after me." They
don't speak now.

No one will question the affirmation
of the postulate, that speech is one of
the chief and most valuable of the tal-
ents possessed by men, and that they
are held responsible to God and man
for its wise and beneficent use.

BEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

AUGUST DORR, TAILOR, HATTER AND FURNISHER,

Offer to the public at large, the largest and handsomest stock of Cloths, Cass-
imers, Montaignes, Beavers, Worsteds, Meltons, etc., ever brought South.
These will be made up into Suits, Overcoats, Trousers and Vests, at Prices
Unprecedented in this or any other market. Perfection in fit, and hand-
some trimmings, as well as Lowest of Prices shall be our motto.

Sole Agent for Dunlap, Knox, Youman's and other celebrated Hats.
Also, a thoroughly complete line of Underwear, Neckwear, Suspenders, Col-
lars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, and undoubtedly the cheapest and
best stock of Shirts in the city. The best \$1.00 Shirt in the market.

The choicest stock of Overcoats in the market—our own make.
Wedding outfits a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed.
All of the above are offered to the public, and the prices guaranteed.

AUGUST DORR,
Tailor, Hatter and Furnisher, 718 Broad Street.

AT GOODYEAR'S CARRIAGE REPOSITORY,

Can always be found a full line of Medium and Cheaper Grades of
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES.
At lower prices than at any other house this side of Cincinnati. This work
is all made to order, is lighter running and better finished than the cheap
work generally sold as standard Vehicles. But I have just received a full
line of Fine Family

Carriages, Phaetons and Cabriolets!
Just received, another shipment of those Fine Open and Top Buggies, made
upon special orders by the best manufacturers North and East. Nothing be-
ing used in the construction of these Vehicles but the best materials, and in
quality, style and finish, are unequalled by any others now in the market.
In stock a full line of

SADDLES AND HARNESS.
All grades, which I will offer at lower prices than have ever before been
known in the history of the business. Milburn, Studebaker and Standard
Plantation Wagons, all sizes. Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Shoe
Findings, Carriage and Wagon Materials, Harness Leather, Belt Lacing of
superior quality, Rubber and Leather Belting. Also, a full line of

HARDWARE,

Guns, Shells, Powder, Shot, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Blow Points for all
makes, Nails, Axes, Hoes, Picks and Mattocks, Pitchforks, Shovels, Spades,
Sawblades and Scale Beams, Grindstones, Rakes, Padlocks, Carpenters'
Tools, Files, Hinges, Window Sash, Doors and Blinds, Farm and Church
Bells, which I am offering at lowest cash prices.

A. I. GOODYEAR, AGENT.
(Successor to R. H. May & Co.,) at the Old Stand, opposite Georgia Rail-
road Bank, 704 Broad street.

THEO. MARKWALTER,

Steam, Marble & Granite Works,

Manufacture all kinds of

Home & Eastern Granite Monuments,

529 Broad St., Near Lower Market,